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C C F Harman	snerui
H. F. Peery,	Deputy Sheriff
Wm Randy	
H. P. Brittain	Treasurer
H G McCall	Deputy Treasures
H Williams	County Supt. Schools,
Address, S	napps, Va.

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METHODIST CHURCH, Main Street. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 1. m. 'Little Workers' Juvenile Missionary "Little Workers" Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 7 p. m., fifth Sundays 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

NORTH TAZEWELL CHURCH .-Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m Preaching first and third Sundays 7. p. m. second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Friday 7 p. m. T. J. Eskridge, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.-Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching second, third and fourth Sundays at 11 s. m. and 7. p. m. Preaching fifth Sundays at 11 a. m. Prayermeeting every Wednesday evening 7 p. m.

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TAZEWELL PREACHERS COUNCIL Every Monday at 2 p. m.

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CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR. Meets first Monday in each month. JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Gen., Acting E. C. W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

O'KEEFFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, (9H) Meets second Monday in each C. W. JONES, H. P.

(B)

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M. Meets the 3rd Monday in each R. A. CROCKETT, S. W. Acting W. M.

INO S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

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Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell
county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville,
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WHEN THE JOKE'S ON US.

"If you will excuse my saying so," I ventured, "you have drawn that arch wrong. It is out of perspective." "I know it is," she answered, with a

We can get a lot of giggie from the cares
of other folks;
We can pluck a lot of pleasure from our
own delightful jokes;
We can laugh to beat the mischief when
the other fellow slips
On a freeh banana peeling, as adown the
street he trips;
We can smile a smile of rapture at a fellow creature's muss,

We can scheme and plot to humble some and, on another piece of paper, made

poor chap we think is proud.
And we're glad when he's the victim of the cackle of the crowd;
We will play the blooming joker when the cther reliow's It

"What a num a rough drawing of the corner which "What a number of people of the And will gurgle o'er his trouble till we name or Clutton are buried here!" I

family in the days gone by," she said. "Henry VIII. took them away when he was reforming the church. The Cluttons didn't change their religion Till a joke on t'other tellow or on us is all fast enough. Edgar Clutton was the the same-Till we hugh as long and loudly at our last of them. But he deserved to be punished," she added. "He did a

shabby thing." "What was that?" I inquired. "He was betrothed to his cousin, Dorothy Clarence, and filted her." "And what became of Mistress

little moue. "But I can't get it right.

something of architectural drawing."

get the wretched thing in so that it

doesn't seem to be standing on one

I took her place on the camp stool,

"Not exactly," I said. "But I know

"I wish you would show me how to

Are you an artist?"

"With pleasure!"

Dorothy Clarence?" "She went into a convent. They say she died of a broken heart, and soon afterward Sir Edgar was executed for

high treason." "A severe punishment!" I suggested. "Not at all!" she said, warmly. "He was a mean wretch to behave as he did! Since those days a Clutton has never owned an acre of land in Devonshire. And they will never get back their position of land owners unless-"

She stopped. "Unless what?" I asked. "Well, there is a ridiculous old egend which has been handed down; out I don't suppose it will ever come

true. It runs: 'My lord shall come to his own again When a Clutton squire weds a Clarence dame.' "So the theory is that when a Clut-

ing an idle hour. As a matter of fact. the wickedness of Sir Edgar, then "Yes; but I am afraid that will never happen now," she said, with a without losing a moment. He sum- tently made a study of her life. little sigh.

become of the Cluttons, and the Clarences are nearly extinct." "It appears to me," I said, "that you are superstitious about the country the magazine to take three days' holiday these little pictures, but oftener it ap- an artist. Most of them wouldn't give legends.

ing, "because so many have come a ring of sentries all round the maga- as is the rule in such cases, unless her I am to do without him." true. But this one never will." "Why not?"

the last of the Clarences. I was named next day. Dorothy, after the lady who died of a broken beart."

"because I don't know a one." At this, I am afraid, I winked at the | \$t?" broken-nosed monument of Sir Fran-

property, because I haven't any do with his hands!"-Cincinnati By this time my rough drawing was

say it was clever. "May I keep it?" she asked. "I Once Thought to Be Unlucky, but should like to paste it in my scrap-

"Yes, please, and put the date." I did as she told me, signing myself

she went pale with astonishment. those old monuments?" she said. "Not from the monuments," I an-

Miss Dorothy Clarence's heart." Then she turned scarlet at some thought which struck her and looked

the opportunity of teasing her.

restore the Cluttons to their former "I don't see that," she said. "I-I don't believe in those old legends."

"I thought you said you did."

her equanimity, and was prepared to like a magnificently embroidered velvet treat the matter as a joke. "It seems hard lines that I should

my ideal."

their ideals.' "Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go." rials; but I noticed she did not offer comb for the back hair of French gray

been an accident. But I was not going to let her escape so easily.

cover.

to return my sketch, in spite of her silver. A peacock feather, exquisitely

any rate?" I said.

Respectfully,

"So much the better; we can discuzs PERMANENTLY CURED BY "Besides, I am well known. If I am seen walking through the streets of Elchester with a stranger everybody

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NOT YET

JOE ANDERSON NORRIS

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UDITH had come from the west to New York with mammoth artistic ambitions and crude ideas of morality common to rude, young and unsophisticated countries. She located in a Gen. Kuropatkin's hold over men is small downtown studio and becoming indignantly. "He is so far above me. due to his reputation for absolute fear- suddenly afflicted with a homesick And how could he be jealous of me, lessness. Five years ago he received the loneliness that struck cold to the mar- so far beneath!" information that the great powder mag- row of her soul commenced to fraterazine at St. Petersburg and that at nize with whomsoever happened to be Toulon (France) were to be blown up available. This was Louise Markham, within 2 hours. The guard was in bed her nearest neighbor, who occupied a when he heard the news, but he at once studio on the second floor above. got up and started for St. Petersburg Clinging to her eagerly she inadver-

This girl painted little water color everything in order, and as a proof of with dreamy eyes too close together ors? How to lay them on. What to his satisfaction ordered every one in and red hats. Sometimes she sold do. and to leave at once. He then collected peared that she did not. She kept zine. The consequence was that nothing friends took her out to lunch or dinhappened to St. Petersburg magazine, ner, she lived on air.

She was not without a certain charm, shocked to see that her shoulders Very courteous, with a hoarsely musi- shook. cal voice in which there lurked consid-"Hardluck is surely the most patient continuously, fortunately for Judith some time silently endeavoring, to the "But I am afraid I can't help those man I ever knew. He had both of his she was bent upon being agreeable, best of her ability, to express her symunfortunate Cluttons," she went on, arms cut off in an accident you know." upon starting the western girl off in a building of offices and studios can words. be called society-advantageously as says it settles one disturbing question

for him when he goes into society. He friend. Going the rounds with her she last again and began to talk of all introduced her to Gilbert, another artist of male persuasion.

So far as appearances went he was was furnished in a fashion bordering upon elegance, in black oak, the screens and draperies in green to for a space, not very far this way or sale? match the canvas with which the walls that, for there wasn't room. were covered.

As a matter of fact, judging casuala dread of peacock feathers, fearing that ly. Judith was almost led to believe exclaimed. the wearing of them would bring evil that he made money. Either that or fortune. The superstition has nothing he had developed a skill bordering

People were never so entertaining to ers of a well-known English magazine her as upon the occasion of talking were forcibly reminded of this when about the most interesting possible thing to themselves; but before she from that unfeeling brute who broke an elaborate peacock design on the had been with him ten minutes she had to acknowledge that Gilbert overdid it. He was so deeply, so astonnews stands and the publishers were | ishingly and profoundly interested in himself the wonder of it was to her that he found time to paint.

And a greater wonder that he could have the heart to waste a moment of And yet it seemed that he found sev-

eral moments to waste upon Louise Once, twice, thrice even he paused in his subdued monotone relative to his career artistic, past, present and to come, embracing semi-occasional and brief allusions to various and sundry art editors for whom he had worked, for whom he was engaged in working, and for whom he expected at some future date to work, to point out the merits be obliged to fall in love with you," tate the peacock eye. They seem to have of his own masterpieces and show her in that death to answer for, as Philip

how it was done. When finally they tore themselves away-he had not half finished his biography, but Judith determined it should wait-and landed safely in the hall, Louise clasped ecstatic hands together and raised her eyes ceilingward. "Isn't he lovely?" she cried. "Love-

"Lovely enough," assented Judith, but there is one serious objection to half comprehending. him.

"What?" sharply. "He is too unselfish. He is wrapped up in the outside world to the exclu-

sion of himself." "What?" again.

Unhappily Louise did not always un-

derstand

"It is my lunch time," explained Ju-"Will you come out with me?" litely elastic smile. "I will have my elevator with Gilbert, going down lunch in my studio." Judith suppressed a groan at the

and a cup of tea. Worse! One day turned her back, refusing to speak. she had found her lunching on burnt potatoes. A week later she drifted into Judith's itary dinner at a little cafe, brushed studio, not hilariously as was custom- her hair, made her preparations for

ary with her, but in a depressed way, as if crushed by something. Judith looked up from her drawing a whitely counterpaned bed; and was and back again. "Why aren't you laughing?" she

asked her. Ordinarily she laughed. Judith was homesick enough. Sometimes she was homesick enough to die. Cheerful company in so much as it enlivened her was therefore grateful. But she had to confess that there were moments spent in the society of Louise which she would rather have spent alone.

Louise sat down and swept her hand across her eyes "I feel more like crying," said she. "Why?"

"He is married." "He? Who?" "Gilbert." Judith put down her work. "How did you find it out?" interro-

gated sne. "I asked him accidentally, never for a second thinking he could be, and he told me he was." "It's a mighty good thing," rumi-

nated Judith, "that you accidentally asked him." "Why?" quickly. Judith turned upon her.

"You wouldn't be going about with

manded to know. Without answering directly, Louise fell to dreaming aloud. "He is so charming," she murmured. "We are so congenial."

"Unmarried people are always congenial," put in Judith. "We have so much in common, both

water color artists." "If you were married you would be jealous of one another.' "I should never be jealous of him,"

er's counsel asked his opponent: "Why "Marriage seems to change the curdid you object to that question?" rent of people's lives," declared Judith "and people."

Louise gave a sigh so deep as to fill "I don't know what I shall do without him," she lamented. "I don't. He is so helpful. Did you see that mornwent on a round of inspection. He found sketches of somewhat impossible heads ing how he showed me about the col That is a most unusual thing in

you a hint if you died for it, but he! "I am afraid I am," she said, laugh- a new garrison and a new staff and set house in a light way in her studio; and I don't know what in the wide world Here she buried her face in the pillows and Judith looking on was

> She left her work, took a seat in erable fascination unless heard too the rocking chair, and sat there for upon starting the western girl off in pathy through the medium of mental a society way-if the inhabitants of telepathy, since she failed to find

> Bye and bye Louise, lifting herself possible by introducing her as her weariedly up, took out her sidecombs, combed back her hair, put them in "Of course," hesitatingly, "I must

> do without him," she said. "Considering the unhappiness you rather a superior artist. His studic might cause his wife," she decided, "I should think you must."

> > Presently: "Why will these men marry?" she

"Before they have seen us," finished Judith. "It is just as well. If we were When she saw what I had written to warrant its existence save its age, upon the marvelous in the way of borother little artists around in studios

> attention. wife?" she asked and some day come heel of the European "boot" they are down and find yourself in his studio?" [astened on the tighter and worn until Louise stopped walking and stared. they fall off.

"Find myself in his studfo?" she questioned limply. "I mean find some other girl," Ju-

dith hastened to explain. "I shouldn't like it," she declared. Then passionately: "It would kill me!"

"It perhaps affects his wife in exactly the same way," remarked Judith calmly. "She wouldn't be a woman if it didn't. Go on, though, if you must. Then some fine morning she'll discover you. She'll find you in his studio and him gazing at you with those dreamy, shifting artist eyes of his and drop dead in her tracks. And it will be you," finally, "that will be afther hav-

would say." Philip was the Irish janitor. All the laughter had gone out of

ners he took me out to!" "But," she added quickly, "I'll give summons came for this fledgling minhim up. I promise you," and the door

shut on the word. As Judith looked out the window at the heartening view of blackened chim-

neys, she thought: "An honorable, straightforward girl, that. I like her.' What was her amazement then to

see the girl on the following evening "No," refused Louise, with her po- dressed in her best, going down in the blithely and out to dinner with him at some cafe; for she heard him say so. She smiled across at Judith anxiousthought of those lunches of hers. A wafer and a glass of water. A cracker ly, propitiatingly; but she resolutely

It was late that night. Judith had come home from her solsleep, robbing the couch of its variegated day covering and turning it into lying on it, half dozing in the dark when she heard a light footstep in the hall and skirts brush against her door. There came a hoarse voice whispering outside. It was the voice of Louise. "A dinner is a dinner," it whispered,

and waited. Judith lay quite still. Not getting up and asking her in to sit on the side of her bed and talk awhile, as she would formerly have done. Just lying there. "Under the circumstances," said she, after a time, "I think I would rather

starve."

Then back came the voice from the dark of the hall to the dark of her room in a cry revealing depths in the life of the girl which happily Judith had not sounded. "But you have never been hungry yet," it said, repeating, "but you have

never been hungry yet!" Judith sat up and gazed into the dark, which seemed all at once to her frightened eyes to be filled with skeleton fingers ready to clutch her, with the relentless fingers of poverty, bony, merciless and grim. "Oh, no," she whispered back, her

own voice hoarse as that of Louise in her fright, "I have never been hungry

in all the wars since.

First Use of Torpedoes

the death of a relative. Col. Holliday opened the letter, and, reading its contents, conceived the idea of acting as his roommate's sub, relates the Pitts-Torpedoes for the destruction of vessels were first used in the spring of 1861 burg Dispatch. So he donned one of the suits of his by the confederates in the James river. friends. He was thin then and looked In 1865 the secretary of the navy remuch more ministerial than he does ported that more ships had been lost by now, and he made quite a serene, soltorpedoing than from all other causes. emn and religious presentation. He Gen. Rains, chief of the confederate tordrove out to the church, was heartily pedo service, put the number at 58, a

sence of the regular pastor, hastily

drawn to another part of the state by

welcomed, and he delivered one of the greater number than has been destroyed strongest sermons that had been heard in that section for many years. He was eloquent and knew just enough WITNESS IN A TIGHT BOX. of the Good Book to avoid pitfalls. His congregation was tickled to Magistrate's Clerk Was Compelled to death and the colonel thought he could escape with the "V" they passed out to him, but they insisted that he should go home with one of the elders Among the most successful practi- for dinner. The colonel chafed at the loners at the English bar is Lord Bramp- super-religious atmosphere he was ton, whose strong point is the cross-ex- compelled to throw about him. There amination of witnesses. In this he is were blessings and prayer meetings quick to see a point in his client's favor galore, and as he remembers it, the

background of that distant past was won a case on a technical ground when the great plate of apple pie in the center of every table he approached. The colonel finally escaped back to college and thought nothing more of ly formal matter; now, having gotten the circumstances until one day a tall, him there, he cross-examined him, and brawny farmer, under the leadership made him practically admit that "he led of the college president, strode into his magistrates by the nose," to admit the gymnasium where the pseudo also that they had refused bail by his preacher was practicing. There was advice, and that a judge at chambers had blood in his eye and his flerce stride afterward granted it, although the wit- forward was so menacing that the colness had come up all the way from Lon- onel thought discretion the better part don to oppose it. Then, asked the of valor and he escaped through a

window. "You were in the room, sir, and did It appears that the congregation was you not hear the learned judge say there so delighted with the effort of their was not a rag of a case against my un- supply that they wanted him again, and knowing only his name they had The prosecuting counsel objected, and encountered the real article in his

> vealed the trick Holliday had played. Then the college president had been sought and the farmer moved through the student body to pick out and identify the culprit. It is needless to say that Col. Holliday graduated with first honors only after the most diligent study after that. That was why he forsook all thought of "the cloth" and took up railroading as a profession.

Weak Hearts

submarine was that of a British smug-gler, Johnson, who invented a boat that can remember when it was simple indiges tion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion fer sents and swells the stomach, puffing " up : cainst "e heart. This interferes with the ention of the heart, and in the purs of the than ticn -f Mr. D. Kauble, of Nevac C. says I had stomach trouble and was in a bat s in heart trouble with it. I took Kodol Livs Cure for about four months and it cured me

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But we're southbound in a minute and pre-pared to start a fuss

When the victim turns the tables and the

"Oh, yes: they used to be a great

We will never reach perfection in this tricky human game

own discomfiture As we do when some one else has held the bag of sulpes to lure; We'll be failures just as long as we pro-ceed to rave and cuss When the other fellow's laughing and the

A CASE OF DESTINY

By ATHOL HOLLOWAY

A me stranded in the ancient and sleepy city of Elchester. The country roads, bad enough at the best of times, were so sloppy as to put bicycling out of the question. I knew nobody in the town, and, as there is only one place of interest-the cathedral-I

went there. In doing this I believed I was spend-I was unconsciously fulfilling the ob- prosperity will return?" ject for which I was probably brought into the world.

The building appeared to be empty, and I amused myself reading the tablets that recorded the lives of worthy people who existed generations ago. I found them interesting, for my own name happens to be Clutton, and, though I have never troubled myself about family "trees," I knew that we came from the west of England. In other words, the knights and dames who lay in Elchester cathedral were in all probability my ancestors. I wish that they had had the foresight to leave me some of their property.

greater interest and beauty than the images of stone and iron lying around It was a young lady, who was sketching a corner of the building, and making a frantic attempt to do justice to

Wandering through the cloisters, I

came across a living picture of much

dows. In order to get a peep at her face, I made a pretense of examining a monu ment close at hand. It was erected to the memory of "Sir Francis Clutton, 1153-1201." His legs were crossed at the knees, which signified he had fought in three crusades; and had it book. not been that some barbarous visitor had broken off the gentleman's nose, to sign my name?"

he would have made a most imposing I took the liberty of standing for a "Richard Clutton." moment by her side to see her work.

Mother's Ear

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ton marries a Clarence, and so repairs

"Because," she said, "I happen to be but that at Toulon was blown up the

"Besides," she continutd, "even if I the wonderful arches and quaint win- did, I couldn't give them back their doesn't have to worry about what to

"By all means. Would you like me

swered; "but I believe I am descended

uncomfortable. But I could not resist "There is no doubt that you will

ribbons in every variety of style. "Yes, I believe in some of them," but not this one. Besides, I am not going to marry any one." By this time she had quite recovered

she said, with a mischievous gleam in been designed purposely for the green her eyes. "I am afraid you are not and blue changeable taffeta walking "Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry belt buckles, hatpins, brooches and set

indignation. She packed it away in carved, turned over the top, and the her portfolio. However, that may have "eye" was a combination of oriental

"You will let me see you home, at touch to the tiresome sameness of fash-

To Weak People: -suffer with indigestion, nervousness and irritability, cannot sleep, and have no appetite, we guarantee that Vinol will make for you rich, rod blood and restore your health and strength. If you will try Vinol and it does not help you, we agree to return your money. This shows our faith and fairness. Will you try it?

MULE EXCHANGE HORSE AND

We want the public to know that we are in the

business of buying and selling Saddle and Draft

JOHN E. JACKSON

HORSES AND MULES. Our Stables are at Tazewell. We have shandled over 200 head of

Mules and Horses this year, 153 of

which we bought in the St. Louis market. LEWIS, BUCHANAN & CO., Tazewell, Va.

You must in mercy permit me that, for I don't know a soul in the town Then if you find an additional cousing

such a nuisance, we will say good-by forever and a day. Will that do?" "Yes," she said, doubtfully. On our way through the town she pointed out the house where at one time a branch of the family used to live. It is now converted into a hairdressing establishment-a truly inglo rious falling off.

"I think not," she answered. "I

"You will, of course, explain that

my name is Clutton, and they will

"Come," I said, "don't let us worry

about destiny or anything else. I will

walk with you as far as your house

family legends and other things."

will want to know who you are.'

She bit her lip with vexation.

grasp the situation at once."

live a long way off.'

That evening Mr. Clarence called at the hotel where I was staying, and begged to make the acquaintance of a member of the family. I submitted gracefully, and we discussed the fam ily tree and the family history until 2 o'clock in the morning. I think few men have had a more lifficult courtship than mine, for Miss Dorothy fought against the guidance

of destiny with all her might. Cu-

rlously enough, the rest of the legend

came true, for a distant relative left

her a moderate fortune. The terms of her will ran: "I leave the sum to my kinswoman, Dorothy Clutton, that the ancient prophecy may be fulfilled, and I beg that she will employ it as far as practicable in repurchasing the Clutton property." And all this arose from a chance

afternoon.-Chicago Tribune. Conspiracy Foiled

encounter in an old cathedral on a wet

"Nobody knows what has soned all the staff of the magazine and

A Cheerful Loser. "Yes; terrible misfortune, wasn't "So we all thought, but Hardluck

Times-Star. finished, and she was kind enough to PEACOCK PLUMES POPULAR.

now Appear in Up-to-Date

Ornamentation. For centuries many people have had ("Are you really descended from in history for it. Recently the publishthey issued their holiday number with

The magazine found no sale on the actually obliged to recall the issue and provide a new decoration. Whether it would be possible to make have to marry me," I said, "and so 13 popular is hard to tell. Perhaps it might be done if fashion should take that precious time on other people. it in hand as she has the peacock feather design. The colorings are rich and dark toned and are used for hats, gowns and

> Lady Curzon, vicereine of India, is surely not prejudiced against the peacock feather, for she has an entire gown made of the applied peacock eyes. It is and marvelous in coloring. Stunning buttons are seen made to imi-

guits. The peacock design appears also in in long chains, with a charm of a single eye inclosed in glass, supposed to be as lucky as the four-leaf clover. One She packed up her drawing mate- unique design seen at the opera was a

> stones in richest greens and blues, A few unusual ornaments like this in a woman's jewel box add a charming

THE HOME OF VINOL If you are thin, pale, lack energy,

Whiskey and Beer Habit

Testify to Superior's Incompetency.

and to take advantage of it. Lord one light spot in the dark and gloomy Brampton tells a story of how he once he had no defense. He forced a magistrate's clerk to be put into the witnes. box by the prosecution to prove a purea married man, would you?" she de-

ross-examiner: happy client?

it was ruled out. But the jurors had room. Of course, there were questions: heard it, and had heard the answer asked and explanations which restopped. The dissatisfaction thus adduced in their minds made them acquit the prisoner.

Leaving the court that day, the prison-

The latter indignantly protested that his adversary must have known that it could not be put. "Yes, I did," was the answer; "but I knew you, too, and felt sure that you would object at the right time. But you should have waited for the answer, as

it would have been 'No.' "

Earliest Submarine Boat. One of the earliest suggestions of the was to travel under or above water. With this vessel he proposed to carry Napoleon from St. Helena, but the emperor died while the boat was under construction. The adherents of the emperor promised Johnson \$200,000 on the day the boat was ready to start and an immense sum if it proved successful. Some years later Johnson built a boat with which he experimented in the Thames for the British admiralty. In this connection it may be mentioned that one of Napoleon's marshals, Massena, began life as a smuggler on a large scale and Commodore Thurot, of the French navy of that time, obtained his knowledge of the British coasts while

in the employ of a smuggler. Knew the Animal. Brown-I say, Jones, do you happen Louise got up and walked the floor to know anyone who has a horse for Jones-I have reasons for believing

"Because I sold him one yesterday."

that Green has.

-Chicago Daily News. Wear the Price Marks. In southern Italy one of the peculiar ms of the peasants is the wearing The subject had grown in interest. of price marks on new suits of clothes. Va., Court of Appeals at Wytheville Va. She concluded to give it her undivided Whereas in other countries the dealers' ticket and tag are removed the moment "How would you like to be his the suit is bought, in the sunny toe and

"Why do you think so?"

Journalistic Caution. "It is safe to say," wrote the editor of the Bungville Bee, "that the early beet crop will be a failure."

He read the sentence critically.

"Yes, I think it would be safe to say

that," he concluded, "but my experi-

ence is that in a western town you can't be too careful of what you write! -N. O. Times-Democrat. THEY LIKED HIS SERMON.

But When They Found Out He Was a Substitute There Was a Demonstration. They tell a good story on Col. W. D. Holliday while a student at Bucknell Louise. Her eyes were sad. Slowly college. The colonel, while as religious she walked to the door and opened it. as the majority of students at the col-"I'll give him up," she promised, oge, was never known to raise much adding reminiscently and with seem- dust in the chapel. His roommate was ing irrelevance, "the lovely little din- a post-graduate minister, young, but intensely religious, and it was his Judith observed her in surprise, only habit to "preach around" in order to eke out his tuition. One day a hasty

church and act as "supply" in the ab-

ister to drive out to a certain country

222 South Peoria St., CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902. Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctors promounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and

Devega Dunbar

Don't you want freedom from

pain? Take Wine of Cardui

do a weman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist to-WINE CARDUI